

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

LIBRARY

MOUNTAIN ECHOES



Volume 8



Number 1

October

1958

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J. Wickey	Deputy Warden
A.E. Steele	Chief Keeper
N. Orlesky	Principal Keeper
J. Meers	C.T.I.
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W. Aikenhead	Chief Steward



MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of Major-General R. B. Gibson, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is designed to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, and in the interest of promoting useful thought and action within the institution.



No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration or editorial staff.

CENSUS

August 8 to Sept. 8

Population	454
High Number	7764
Received	15
Discharged	14
Tickets-Of-Leave	5
Pardons	0
Escapes	0
Deaths	0
Transfers-Out	0
Transfers-In	0
Deported	0

EDITORIAL BOARD

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Technical Advisor J.F. Withrow

Sports Editor Ken Leishman

Member

Wally Manson

Print Shop Staff

H. Condon

D. Hambleton

R. Benstead

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Cover by Lew Fines

Mountain Echoes is published monthly. Subscription rates are \$1.00 yearly for 12 issues. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department Ottawa, 1951. Those wishing to subscribe may do so by addressing their remittances to Mountain Echoes, c/o The Warden, Box 101, Stony Mountain, Manitoba. Permission for reprinting any article is cordially granted.

Mountain Echoes

October—1958

Volume 7

No. 12

Administration	1
Contents	2
Concerning This Issue	3
Editorial	4—5
Red Cross	6—7
On The Lighter Side	8
Poet's Corner	9
Summer Storm	10--11
Photo Feature	12—13
Library	14
Educational Side	15
The Tattlers Tales	16
News In Brief	17
Influence By Sug.	18—19
Criminal Appeal	20
Sports	21 —24

Photo-engraving

Courtesy of

The Winnipeg Tribune,

Winnipeg, Manitoba

Concerning

This

Issue

October, the Red Month, the month of the successful Communist revolution. There has been much ado about October behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains. The Western Axis has, more or less, accepted this celebrating by the Communists with a pacifist attitude. Has anyone ever given a thought to how appropriately October ends in Halloween!

A revolution signifies a change and so we have a change in this magazine, albeit not a violent one but a fairly far reaching one. First, the printshop will evacuate the presently occupied premises and allow Mr. Mulder an office for Occupational Therapy. This is a very worthy cause and should be welcomed for such an innovation will help a lot of inmates that are unable to help themselves. Therefore, Mr. Mulder, welcome to your new office. The Echoes staff and machinery shall move into a partitioned off space on cellblock B-2 with approximately the same amount of floor space used on the shop dome premises. The inmate staff and staff writers will live on B-2 is the current rumour.

The Editorial Board is left with Wally "Mr. Upside Down" Manson and Mitch "Hoiman de Goiman" Herman, a couple of the previous members of the board are about due for release; with the help of Deputy Warden Wickey and Classification Officer Belanger we have eight good prospects to fill three vacancies on the board. Watch for the work of the new members in future issues.

The little printers devils, or in the vernacular—ink slingers, bossed by Harry "Grand Slam" Condon, even though short-handed, have come up with this issue only a little late. Besides Harry, actually operating are "Hammy Hambone" Hambleton and "Benny Billing" Benstead; Kenny "Lay You Flat" Allan is in the midst of a change to the Yard Gang and Ray "S-y" Fortier has become a political wheel in the Welfare Committee. Through the assistance of Chief Keeper Steel a replacement for Allan is on the way from the kitchen. We need another nickname in the shop.

The boys in the print shop have done a fine job and have offered to work overtime in order to catch up with the deadline for the next issue. Good work. And thanks a lot from the Editor. I am sure the readers will appreciate your extra efforts.

On page 6 the inmates receive thanks for the deeds reported by M.M. upside-down on page 7. Page 20 was more than worth reprinting.

SHOP REPRESENTATIVES PLEASE NOTE: Contact Mitch Herman and take part in keeping Tattler's Tales and news In Brief alive. Thank You Men!

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

Men may come and inmates may go but the wheels of the Mountain Echoes keep turning till the press shuts down. Al Jackson worked hard during his tenure of office and decided that he should step down to the editorial board (I hope) pushing me, Mitch Herman, into the saddle. In a sense I am a mixed-up kid, balding on top with four years of my sentence behind me. Four down—four to go — Strike four; What can I say after I said I'm sorry?

I can say; it is my intention to keep my best foot forward at all times during the struggle to achieve 'a job well done' in this quasi-dictatorial post I have taken over. To succeed in this position and gain the support of the inmates at this Institution is a challenge capable of testing the wit of the sharpest creature on earth. Having found most definitions depicting a prison editor as a chap with his tail wound around his head, running around in squares between the devil and the deep blue sea trying to coax something out of somebody—I fail to agree wholeheartedly. It is my conclusion that a prison editor is an idealist with a charge of gunpowder in one ear, the firing pin in the other and a pen in his mouth. Ah, yes. I hope there is a consolation; the ricochet, I said an idealist.

The idea behind this editorial is to speak directly to the inmates of Stony Mountain. Men, let us not be a bunch of children hitting each other good-bye; rather let us be attracted to the magazine as though by a magnet in a fashion such as children assembling for the school bus. And then be aware that we are apt to go astray like a fellow I used to know. The lad came home from school one day to be greeted by his mother's, "What did you learn in school today, my son?"

"Nothing."

"How do you spell it?"

"A-n-g-e-r."

To have swum with the tide for near half a decade and now finding myself with the possibility of bucking that tide which consists of ebb and flow could be precarious. "Will my fellow inmates deride me to infamy or will they ostracize me to the administral flow?" The flow administers the alterations to the shoreline and the ebb only removes the silt to deeper waters. The alternate is the choice of the idealistic; to work as a society and to find the glory and the triumph we seek in the fruits of our combined efforts.

There are a surprising number of manuscripts in the cells of this prison that have never seen the light of day. Some of them are very good, only a few are slanderous or malicious. A lot of you fellows are afraid to bring these stories out for publication and your reasons sound logical. Your magazine challenges you to prove your excuse valid! Have you got the guts to take up this dare? Bring them out and let's print them, your articles and your stories are what the readers want to read.

There are those that claim they cannot write. I knew a fellow like that once, too. This chap, who lived in a village, had a very strong desire to become the village blacksmith, lacking the courage to ask for a trial he would never have had

the chance had it not been for his father's persuasive manner. His dad talked him into applying to the village smiddy for an apprenticeship. To the lad's amazement he was accepted upon request. The first instructions he received were:

"Now, lad, when I take that shoe out of the fire, I shall lay it upon the anvil and when I nod my head you hit it with this hammer."

The lad did! And became the village blacksmith.

I HEARD AN INMATE SPEAK:

"I'll write my life story for you."

An off-cut statement with enough sincerity to arouse my curiosity; "Sure, I'll go for that. What do you need to start writing?" I offered.

"In four words." He replied ignoring my offer.

"What are the four words?" I asked getting set to be snared in a pun.

"Born. Done time. Died." He stated finally, flatly and beaten.

"Hell, perk up. Things aren't as bad as they look." I smiled at him.

"No, they aren't as bad as they look. You can't always see them," he remarked thoughtfully. "Quite a few years ago a judge looked at me and with a righteously, indignant nod of the head launched my era: Forty years gone, done a short bit, done five, doing fifteen. Where am I? Health is going and I'm feeling every day I've done. Home broken up: there never really was a home, family is scattered to heck. No anchor, not for me nor my two sons. I guess there never was an anchor for the wife." He broke off as sadness enveloped his eyes.

"I understand," I injected with forced cheerfulness, "Sometimes I feel so sorry for myself I feel like taking the gas pipe."

"No." His courage seemed to rapidly consolidate. "You can't call it self-pity. How can you? It feels as though I have gone beyond the end! Look in front of me, nothing? There is absolutely nothing! I see this for me even though I've studied and learned a couple of trades. Out there," his thumb jerked toward the high wall, "Do they want my class of trade? Today I exist, tomorrow maybe I'll exist and day after tomorrow I don't know if I will even want to exist. What will it feel like in a few years when I leave here? Did you ever see a young colt on a farm?" He asked sounding me out to see if I was listening.

"No." I encouraged.

"Well, he runs around all over the place. His head held high. His tail flashes to the sky like a whip. His mane stands straight up and bows to its own roots. The eyes sparkle with dew. He has drive. He's got stamina, and above all spirit oozes from his pores. The colt has been gamboling and gathering this spirit for all his years; where is he now? At what stage? Just when his spirit is in the prime of forming, a farmer takes a good look at him and decides that he should be broken to the plough. The farmer is an impatient, ambitious man. An ambitious man greedy for a buck. He throws some leather on a colt that wants to run with

Continued on the back cover

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

Manitoba Division

BLOOD TRANSFUSION SERVICE

Red Cross Centre, 226 Osborne Street North

Winnipeg 1, Canada

Sept. 9, 1958

Editor, Mountain Echoes,
Manitoba Penitentiary,
Stony Mountain, Manitoba.

Dear Sirs:

On behalf of the Blood Donor Division of the Manitoba Red Cross, may I take this opportunity of extending to you and to all those who work with you in the publishing of Mountain Echoes, our very sincere and grateful thanks for your support in promoting our Blood donor clinics.

On Thursday, August 28th, we registered 252 donors, at the blood donor clinic held in the Stony Mountain Penitentiary. This was undoubtedly a most successful clinic. Had it not been for the 252 donors registered at Stony Mountain Penitentiary and the 285 donors registered at Headingley Gaol, it would have been impossible for us to supply the blood required to the hospitals of Manitoba region during the long weekend following these clinics. We were able to have this fact made known to the general public through the media of local newspapers and radio stations. I am sure that you will understand the grateful appreciation of those affected by your support of this cause.

Once again, to yourself, and to all those who work with you on the Mountain Echoes, our sincere and grateful thanks for your helping us "Keep Life Blood Free To All."

Yours Very Truly,

Charles H. Spence,

Donor Penal Director.

RED CROSS MOBILE UNIT + TAPS IN 252 PINTS +

—Wally Manson

"What are YOU doing here?" was one of the most frequently heard questions at the Red Cross Blood Clinic held in Stony's gym Thursday, August 28, 1958.

The answers varied from joking and humorous drive! to honest sincerity and modest retorts. Superficial as many of the remarks were, they did not conceal the fact that the reason apparent for anyone being in the gym was for the purpose of donating blood.

The collective personal thinking of the entire clinic could with reasonable conjecture be summed up with the following words.

"Personally, I feel that the donating of one small pint of blood is but a minute effort of any individual. The only way FREE BLOOD can be made available to all who need it, and this need is always immediately urgent, is when all individuals who are able do their share. That is why I donate blood when the opportunity presents itself."

"The Canadian Red Cross Society, through its Blood Transfusion Service is performing a vital service for all Canadians, for all mankind. To me it is important that it will continue to perform this vital and beneficial service for mankind. That is why I'm in this gym this afternoon."

Early in the afternoon Mrs. Esther Dufault, R.N., made a personal appeal for Blood Donors over the institution's "PA" system. This is a first for Stony, in that no ladies have previously been allowed in the Radio Room, much less speak to the local inhabitants. Mrs. Dufault has long been a champion for any good cause and it was felt that perhaps a personal appeal might prevail upon a few men who were wavering in their decision to donate blood. She therefore gladly volunteered to accompany Warden C.E. DesRosiers to the Radio Room and say a few words on behalf of the Red Cross. Subsequent to her appeal about 35 or 40 unpledged donors did show up to donate blood at the clinic.

To those who answered her appeal Mrs. Dufault wishes to say "Thank You," from her as well as all the personnel of the Red Cross Team.

In all 252 pints of blood were collected and while this does not set a new record it came pretty close. August 29th. last year, 265 donors were recorded, which was an all time high for Stony.

From the donor to the Red Cross many thanks for the refreshments and smokes served to them. From the institution as a whole many thanks also to the Red Cross for the Ice Cream and Movie they so generously supplied, both were appreciated by all.



Contributed

On The Lighter Side

By

A. Jackson R. Fortier

The country agricultural agent sat in his office and when his phone rang, picked it up with a cheery "Hello."

A woman's voice said, "I have a flock of chickens and I want to know if I put a rooster in with my hens, how long it will be before I can expect to get fertile eggs."

"Just a minute," said the courteous farm advisor as he reached across the desk to get the pamphlet which might have the vital information.

"Thank you," replied the woman as she hung up.

An African king decided to become a vegetarian and issued a proclamation that henceforth there would be no more killing of animals by the tribe.

After a few weeks the natives, tired of the vegetable diet and constantly bothered by the animals that now bravely wandered around the village, revolted and threw out their king.

This is the first recorded incident of a reign being called because of game.

A fine looking cocker spaniel family, consisting of Father Cocker Spaniel, Mother Cocker Spaniel and three babies, decided to enter themselves in the dog show in their community.

Sure enough, Father Cocker Spaniel won the first prize. Being quite pleased with his success, he decided to take the family down to the tavern to celebrate. After a drink or two, Father Cocker Spaniel said, "Well, now it is time to go home." So they all hopped off their stools and started home.

About a block down the street, Father Cocker Spaniel discovered that he had left his prize lying on the bar.

"You," he said, pointing to the smallest cocker spaniel, "run back to the bar and get my prize."

So the little cocker spaniel trotted back to the bar and hopped up on a stool again.

"What'll you have?" asked the bartender.

"Pap's blue ribbon," replied the puppy.

A well developed young woman had a slight cold. As a precaution, upon going to a dinner party she took two handkerchiefs, placing the extra one in the bosom of her dress. As dinner progressed she found that she needed her spare handkerchief, but feeling around in her dress she couldn't find it. She then began to search intently from left to right until suddenly she realized that others were watching her.

She smiled and murmured, "I know I had two when I left home."

Poet's Corner

SANDMAN WILT I BE THINE—Mitch Herman

Slowly slinking o'er prison walls
And over body mine;
Deep black distant darkness falls.
Sandman wilt I be thine.;
Beautiful dreams of sunsets unseen.
Ensphere of stone and steel supine;
Deadening a wit so smart and keen.
Sandman wilt I be thine.
To-night on this iron-hardened cot
Doth my mortal body recline;
Tossing turning tortured human blot.
Sandman wilt I be thine.
If into flight my spirit would ascend
To share celestial wine;
These unblinking eyelids would descend.
Sandman wilt I be thine.

There was a lad named William T8
Who loved a lass named Mary K8
He asked her if she'd be his m8
But K8 said w8.

His love for her was very gr8
He told her it was hard to w8
And begged at once to know his f8
But K8 said w8
Then, for a time, he appeared to w8
But soon he hit a faster g8
And for another m8 went str8
Now K8 can w8.



SUMMER STORM

by Don Lobb

We had one of those gully washers the other night. You know what I mean I think; one of those rain storms that blow up late in the evening after the preliminary warning of a rumble or two of thunder and a crackle of streak lightning. Just enough time to chase the young turkeys and chicks back into the pen and to close the pasture gate behind the milk cows and then the bucket tips and down it comes.

There's a threat of hail after the depressing heat of a long July day, a heat haze on the horizon and the dog lies in the hollowed out spot along the east wall. Hens don't scurry after seeds or scratch in the rain. They ruffle their feathers and their beaks are open as they seek shelter from the heat, combs wilted and pale.

Flies cluster around the screen door, waiting for an opportunity to get into a muggy kitchen, hot with the long-lasting steam of a heavy supper. All nature seems poised, waiting for relief.

Dad takes a little longer than usual with his pipe and the mail, and the hired man strips off the shirt that manners bade him wear to the house for supper as he loops the bails of the milk buckets over an arm and heads for the barn and the evening chores.

Then as Mom and the girls hurry through the dishes with a minimum of chatter, the thunder begins. Heads come up and all hands busy themselves with the last minute details of buttoning down for a storm.

Windows in the front room are quickly closed. There is a thump of feet hurrying upstairs to the bedrooms and as Dad and the hired man hurriedly secure the gates of the hen run and brooder houses, the plants are taken from the window sills and placed in a partially sheltered spot on the verandah.

All secure now, the family waits. There is a flurry of wind, and cool refreshing, a brief period of utter stillness, and then it comes,

Quietly at first, gathering strength, until the heavens open and the barns and implement sheds are hidden in the downpour. Puddles form in the ruts of the yard, flowers bend and the leaves sag under the weight of the water pouring from above. An anxious family peers from the safety of the windows, alert for the unusual, poised to meet any emergency.

Then, as swiftly as it came, the storm passes. A bright scarlet stains the skies in the west as the setting sun gives the world its reassurance. The windows are raised, plants brought into the house and the family gathers on the verandah.

breathing deeply of the purity of rain-washed air.

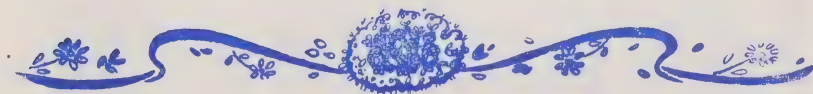
It's cool now, and as darkness gathers the world is oddly at peace. Tensions ease perceptibly and Mom even hums the tune of a favorite hymn as she bustles around the kitchen.

Dad moves the chairs out onto the verandah and settles down for a pipe; relaxed, calm and content. The laugh wrinkles around his mouth deepen as he discusses the plight of an evening bird, preening his feathers with an insulted air on the branch of the yard tree.

Time passes quietly and after discussing plans for the coming day, the family moves with one accord into the kitchen for a late evening cup of tea and a snack and then lights go out and the house and its occupants are still.

It's different here. The tensions are present, and here and there on the faces of men who have spent periods of their life on the farm, one sees a far-away look of worry. The feeling of loss is with us then as once more the gates are closed. This time behind us.

Yes, we are protected from the elements, sheltered from the storm, but believe me when I say, "We would give all that we possess to be closing the gates out there with you."



It is not enough to admit that one is irritable, intolerant, hypersensitive, selfish, overly aggressive, or any of the other things a poorly adjusted person may be.

It is not enough to understand how and why one is as he is.

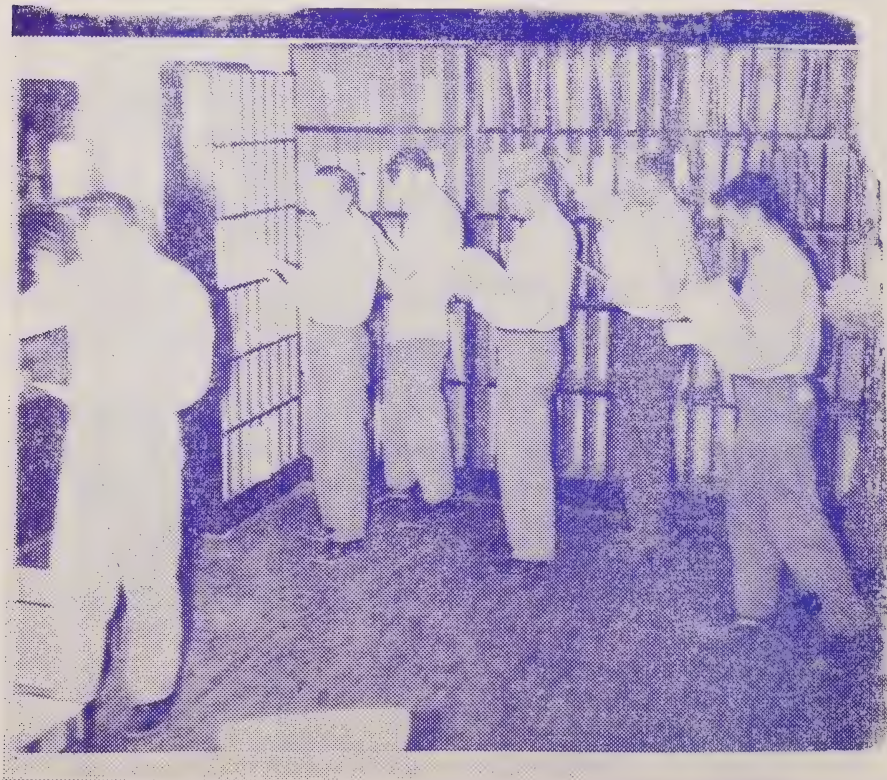
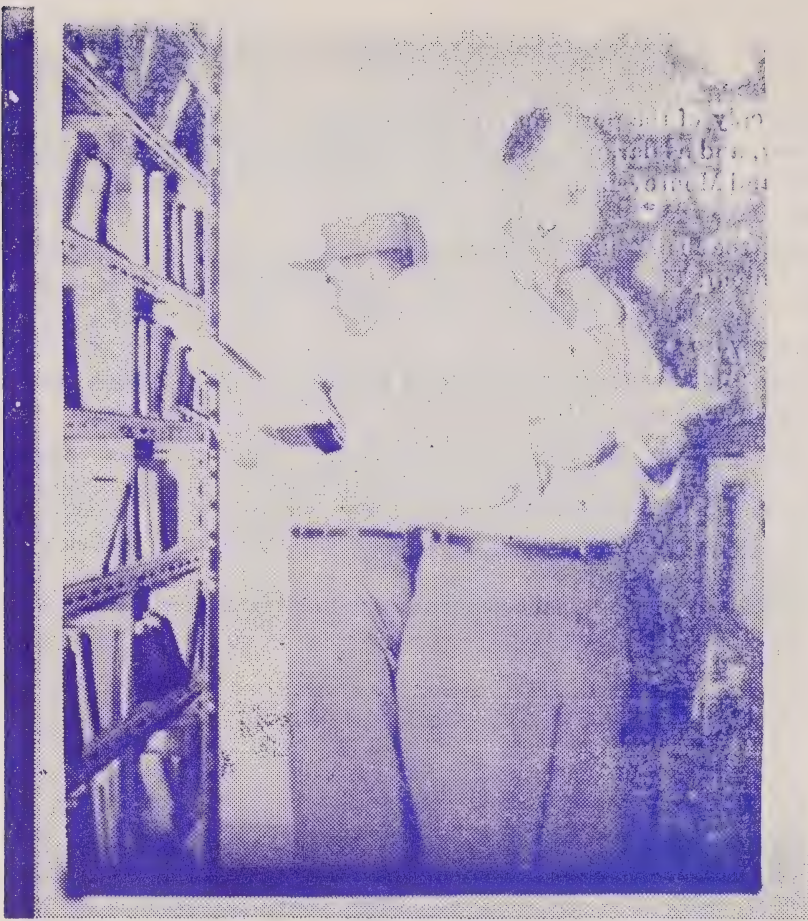
It is not enough to realize that one is his own worst enemy and that he rather than others or circumstances is responsible for his physical pains, his psychological miseries.

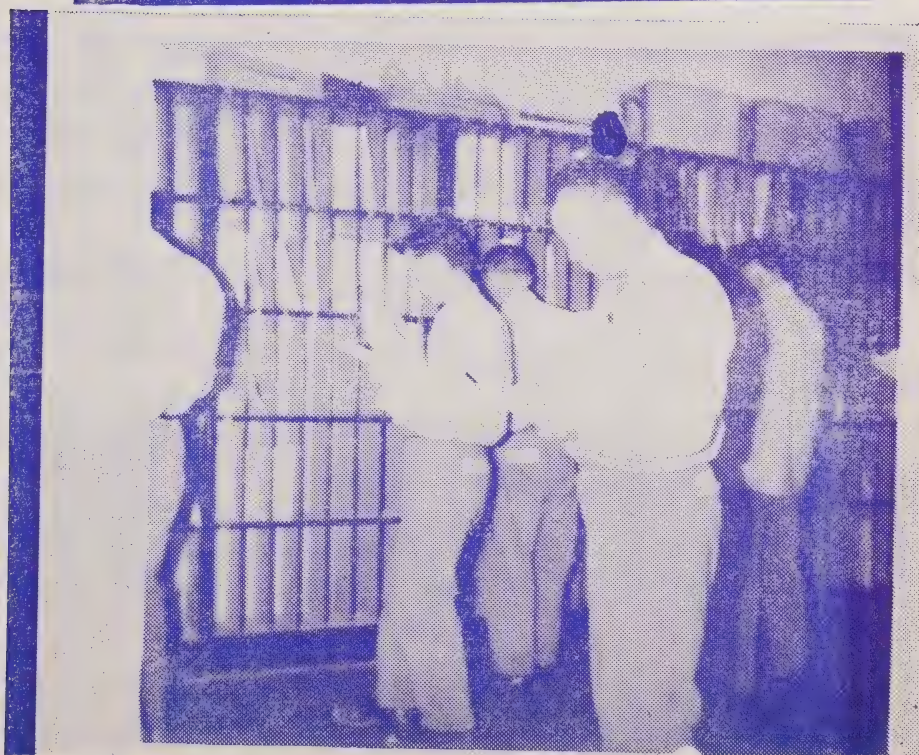
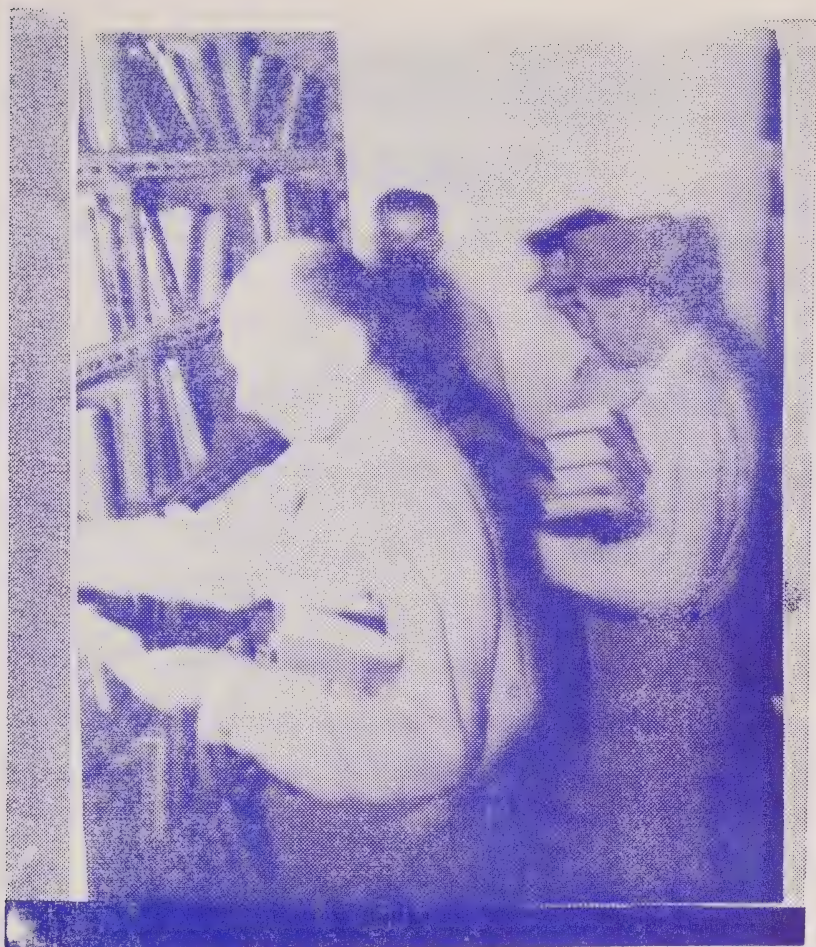
It is not enough to realize that changing oneself is both possible and highly desirable.

It is not enough even to comprehend how to set about changing, what techniques can and should be used.

Admitting, understanding, realizing, being convinced, comprehending are all important and necessary, but only to the extent to which they enable a person to act, do, feel, and be as he has decided or learned that he can and should.







A GLANCE AT THE LIBRARY

— AL. JACKSON

It is a pretty long long stretch from 4:00 P.M. until lights-out six hours later. Many inmates spend a large portion of their time working on hobby-craft, taking courses, etc., but a large portion of each night is spent reading. This makes library facilities very important from the inmate point of view.

The pics in our Photo Feature section on the preceeding pages were snapped one Friday morning as the Library staff went about the daily job of selecting magazines and/or books for delivery to the 450-plus inmates in the institution.

Each inmate fills out a magazine card listing his preference of the fifty or so choices of weekly and monthly magazines. The inmate staff, each of whom looks after a particular group of ranges, selects and delivers the magazines three times weekly.

The two lower photos in the photo section show the "librarians" choosing magazines from the racks according to the listings on the individual magazine cards.

In the upper photos, a segment of the book racks is shown with a few of the boys at work picking out fiction books for delivery. As in the case of magazines, each inmate fills out a card indicating his choices from among the more than 5500 books available. The fiction section contains some 4000 novels and the non-fiction section, which includes psychological, philosophical, biographical, historical, English literature, travel, and many other writings, contains approximately 1500 volumes.

For those academically inclined, the School, which is a sub-section of the library, has its own library section containing an additional 2845 texts on anything from Algebra to Zoology.

Having spent considerable time working in the library, I am familiar with the most frequently heard complaints.

"I was reading a story and when I turned to page 26-there was no page 26!" Because the more popular magazines must be continually re-issued for two to three months before all may read them, inmates who cut or deface magazines make it pretty tough on their neighbors. Unfortunately, we have a few scrap book collectors in the institution.

"I've had number 541 on my book card for 18 months and I got a substitute." Some of the more popular novels seem to end up gathering dust in someones cell or making the rounds from friend to friend, to friend.

There's no doubt that the reading situation would improve if the few who hoard books and collect the pictures out of magazines before everyone has read them were given paroles. That's a suggestion that would keep everyone happy.

EDUCATIONALLY SPEAKING

J.D. Weir (Teacher - Librarian)

"No man can reveal to you naught but that which already lies half asleep in the dawning of your knowledge." (The Prophet)

Not long ago I saw a newsreel at a down town theatre which included some photographs of an American city that had been stricken by a flash flood.

One rather unusual incident which caught the photographers eye was that of a man standing on the roof of his car which was completely submerged in the water that engulfed the street. This stranded gentleman was busily engaged in testing what appeared to be a new fishing rod and reel.

This particular scene seemed to me to be a humorous but nevertheless apt illustration of what Shakespeare probably meant when he said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Pursuing this idea of making the best of a bad situation, it occurred to me that men in prison would certainly consider themselves in adverse circumstances. However it appears that some fellows are determined to salvage as much as possible from the period of their incarceration.

Men who use the challenge are often found attending school and taking extra-mural courses as well as participating in such organizations as Discussion groups, Alcoholics Anonymous and Citizens Forum. Many contribute to the sports program as both spectators and participants. Some of their number can also be found in the prison orchestra.

While it is possibly too much to expect large enrollments and sweeping success it is evident that a good section of our population do use their time to prepare for rehabilitation.

What counts most in a man's life is the number of opportunities that he takes advantage of. Men with the narrower outlook spend their time looking for the big opportunities without giving any time towards preparing themselves adequately for the opportunities or breaks that may come. The big man takes fullest advantage of the little opportunities as they come.

The First Aid Courses commences on Saturday, October 5th. We have sixteen candidates selected for this initial course. Needless to say, we hope to see all of them receive qualifying certificate some two months hence.

The proposed class in Public Speaking sponsored by Dale Carnegie is slated to commence about the fifteenth of November. Any fellows who are seriously interested in this type of training will have the opportunity to submit their names later this month as potential candidates for the course.

TATTLERS TALES



W.W. Upsidedown has now picked himself up a new nickname. From now on he is to be known as Mr. G.E. In case you don't know who I'm talking about, Mr. G.E. is that fellow you see wandering around with wires and assorted electrical connections sticking out all over. Heard him say the other day as he listened to a tape recording of the A.A. Anniversary, "Say, that's quite a voice I have." Watch this guy fellows, he may be wired for sound.

"Oh no they won't! Not me on the spud gang. I'm too well situated for that kind of a work change. They can't do that to me!"

'square roots."

A couple of gents who are leaving the institution in the fairly near future were engaged in conversation the other day. "I'll have enough money to get along when I first get out," said the first. "I've got about seventy dollars and I've got about 20 houses that I'm going to dispose of."

"No kidding!" said the second, probably thinking about cultivating a close friendship. "Where are your houses located?"

"Up in my cell of course. That's where I keep all my hobby items."

Dirty rumor: Heard the other morning that the tallest and slimmest from the change room who for past two years has been bugging for a First Aid course in the institution almost lost his smile permanently. Seems some comedian saw him and said, "Gee that's too bad Bob. After all the time you spent trying to have the First Aid course brought in, the list just came out and your name isn't on it." He was just kidding of course.

Unpopularity poll: Tried to find out who were the most unpopular people in the institution. After checking with all the football players, the following is the result: Broadbent, Klan, Jackson, Montgomery. Now that horns have been added to their whistles, they sound like an orchestra. You should hear their rendition of "The Off side Polka." How does a guy get a job like that anyway?

Equipment Manager, John Hines, is very particular about his footballs. The other night he left a football sitting on B-2. The Eskimoe coach, thought it would be very funny to substitute an old condemned football that had suffered a blow-out. When John came out in the morning and picked up his supposedly new ball, he could have folded it up and put it in his pocket. The impassioned speech that he made about people that would destroy a new ball was pretty to hear. By the way, if you want to know if there's going to be a movie, just look at the football schedule. If the Eskimoes are scheduled to play—there's a movie. I wonder if John arranged this for revenge.

The Mountain Echoes are moving. The echoing mountains are singing "the shrimp boats are coming!"

NEWS IN BRIEF

MEASURING TIME:

Days, months, years and seasons are the usual manner of keeping time for most folk. In here we have a clique that looks up at the sky and calls; baseball, football, hockey or marbles in the spring—marbles yet? Careful now as you walk out into the yard the footballs are soaring and flying on top o' the Mountain.

ALOUETTES:

The Alouette Group, Alcoholics Anonymous, (French Group) celebrated their Sixth Anniversary with an invited representation from Winnipeg, St. Boniface, Brandon and other points. The inmate members celebrated Birthdays from the first to the sixth with cakes, cokes and coffee. The whole assembly adjourned to the Officers Mess from the Library Schoolroom for a banquet at noon then carried on the afternoon meeting in the mess. The Mountain Echoes has been promised a full report on complete coverage of the affair for the next issue. Thank you Alouettes.

INMATE WELFARE COMMITTEE RE-INFORCED:

Elections replaced the resignees Shirley and Siebold. Donny McGregor came roaring into office like a loaded diesel locomotive, that is loaded with votes, Ray "S-y" Fortier came through with a coal-tender second to capture the second and last place on the ticket. Mitch Herman running on egg-headedness, headed out to the cold again. Famous last words; "No contest—in the future!" Mitch has been three times up and three times captured a 25% vote to stay out of the money.

ST. JOHNS AMBULANCE FIRST AID COURSE:

Teacher-Librarian Weir came through for the boys and came up with a contact that produced a class to commence on the 4th of October for the purpose of studying and learning the first aid course. The inmates selected to participate have shown enough willingness to learn that they have given up their Saturdays in order to take part. Mr. Weir was also responsible for the Dale Carnegie course coming to the Mountain and if he keeps up this kind of thing we are going to have quite a few egg-heads around this steel and stone.

NIGHT EXERCISE IS GONE:

October moved in and night exercise, known in some institutions as night yard, moved out for the winter months. Don't go near the committee till the end of the year. They talk and see Christmas only, a request for any kind of an expenditure brings a benevolent lecture about Santa Claus terminated by a plea for a donation.

EDITORIAL BOARD FADES AWAY:

Al Jackson resigned, stepping down from the editorial board in the process. Sports writing-Editor is between and betwix as this issue goes to press, he is due for release soon. Pat Saito stepped back a few issues ago. Herman and Manson are giving it their all trying to stay afloat. Listen to them some night on B-4, with Harry Condon, print-shop boss, lending moral support—after having lost Fortier to the committee and on the verge of losing Allan to the yard gang.

INFLUENCED BY SUGGESTION

— A.E.M.

It is common knowledge that the ex-inmate's position is precarious at best. He is the topic of discussion for any gossip-monger or trouble maker in his neighborhood. In extreme and rare cases only is this the least bit justified.

Upon his release on parole, the man may have but one object in mind; to make a clean start in his interrupted and broken life. He doesn't expect to be greeted with society's open arms, nor does he expect to be presented with the key to the city. A welcome-back smile from a loved one and the promise of a job at something he likes will go a long way in getting him back into the proper frame of mind.

With the advantage of just these two things the average parolee will carry the ball the rest of the way in getting re-established. All too often he is met with a hostile glance and a haughty refusal of employment. If he cannot find employment or is forced to work at the most menial tasks at a wage which will barely meet his needs when he has greater capabilities which are ignored because of his past, he soon may become disillusioned and embittered. The thought may enter his mind that there is little difference between this manner of existence and that of prison life. It certainly isn't worse, but he is not much better off than those who are still in prison when the feeling of not being wanted, not belonging, starts eating his heart and soul. This doesn't hold true in every case, of course, but in some it could result in a reversion to the old way of life. The only cure, or prevention, for such thoughts and the resultant reaction by the ex-inmate lies with the public itself.

Contrary to the belief still held by a lot of citizens, the released inmate is not bent on revenge; is not out to get even with anyone or anything. If he had ever entertained any such thoughts, which is doubtful in most cases, they had long since worn them selves out on the concrete during his period of confinement. The popular misconception of the convict as being dull-witted, hard-bitten, or trouble seeking still exists. The majority are none of these, and in all fairness we must say that the public did not pluck these impressions of the convict from out of a blue sky.

These impressions were almost forcefully put into the public mind by the consistency of lurid and screaming headlines, and in some instances, radio and TV shows. Then there's the movies. Even children came to know the hated word "convict" through the medium of color pulp magazines which glamorize and exaggerate crime cases.

What does this do to the chances of a man rehabilitating himself? Take, for example, two men. George, who has never been in prison; Art, who has that distinction. Put them in bathing suits and have a group of people who have never seen them look them over from head to toe. When asked if they can identify them, they will probably agree in saying that they know neither and remark that they look pretty much alike in appearance.

Now it is explained to the group that Art, on the left, is an "ex-con" who has just been released from prison; the other fellow, George, is a successful businessman who has never been in any trouble. Influenced by this explanation, the members of the group may now comment, "Well' now that you mention it, that Art fellow does look kind of shifty-eyed and tough. I wonder why I didn't notice it before."

There you have a hypothetical, but perhaps very typical, reaction to the mention of the label "ex-con." Unless pointed out, Art would be accepted right along with the other fellow.

Have you ever stopped to think that no one is immune to prison? Almost anyone could become an inmate and to a large degree, it is in the public's hands as to how a released inmate will turn out; it will perhaps be decided on the first day of freedom.

What are the inmates feelings when he again steps into the open air? Mingled relief and exhilaration undoubtedly, but perhaps there is something more.

"Fear." The unknown is feared and so is failure. For no one knows better than he that he has to make good. The least little slip and he is sunk. All this enters his mind and has a sobering effect. This is where you, the public can make or break your man.

When he seeks employment, as he must, accept him on face value and ability. When he is settled a friendly overture or two from neighbors will not be resented; although the man may seem aloof, this is frequently only a guard thrown up against the scorn and derision that he expects and will more than likely receive from some of those with whom he comes in contact.

Friendlyness and acceptance have long been famous all-Canadian traits. Why not try them on some of the ones who have a special need to know that they are not alone? You will find a completely different attitude in him, and in yourself, when you take another look.



The crucial point to be considered in a study of language behavior is the relationship between language and reality, between words and not-words. Except as we understand this relationship, we run the grave risk of straining the delicate connection between words and facts, of permitting our words to go wild, and so of creating for ourselves fabrications of fantasy and delusion.

CRIMINAL APPEAL

RIGHT OR RISK?

(Reprinted from the Toronto Daily Star)

A curious and seemingly unjust feature of the Canadian criminal code has been brought to the attention of the House of Commons by Arthur Maloney, the lawyer - M.P. for Parkdale. This is the stipulation that the time a convicted person spends in prison pending the outcome of an appeal does not count as part of his sentence - if the appeal fails - unless the court rules it does.

Mr. Maloney holds that this provision frequently tends either to penalize unsuccessful appellants by adding weeks or month of imprisonment to their regular terms, or to discourage convicted persons from exercising their right to appeal.

Experience in Ontario seems to bear out this contention. Until about eight years ago the provincial Court Of Appeal, on dismissing the appeal of a convicted offender, almost invariably directed that whatever time he had already spent in jail should count toward his sentence. Then, for reasons that have never been set forth, this procedure was reversed. Today, in the great majority of cases, no such direction is issued. Unless a hearing happens to have been delayed because of judge's vacation schedules, it is almost a rule now that a man who appeals in vain winds up serving more time for his trouble. In two fairly recent cases, a series of delays in disposing of an appeal added six months to a four-year term, more than three months to a two-year sentence.

Such delays are rarely the fault of the convicted offender. More often they result from lack of a ready transcript of trial evidence or from the fact that defence or crown counsel are occupied with other cases. Sometimes - when judgement is reserved for a long period of time - they are the fault of the appeal court itself. Yet, in many instances, the convicted offender pays for the delays with more time out of his life.

Whatever the cause of the Court's change of policy in Ontario, the not-too-surprising effect has been to reduce the proportion of criminal convictions and sentences that come before the appeal court. If this is the purpose of the policy - to discourage "frivolous" appeals - it is a bad one. There are times in criminal trials when pleas of not guilty are also quite unwarranted, perhaps frivolous, resulting in a great deal of apparently needless work by lawyers and judges alike. But these are tolerated, and wisely so, on the sacred principle that every accused man is entitled to his day in court, to have the charges against him proved beyond reasonable doubt.

So with the right to appeal. The law says each man has it. He can appeal against conviction and/ or sentence. In the latter case, besides the hope that his term will be shortened, he already faces the danger that it may be lengthened, as the appeal court sees fit. But a convicted offender who is kept behind bars because he is refused bail or cannot raise it, pending his appeal, should not be placed in still greater jeopardy by the mere fact that he elects to do what the law tells him he has a perfect right to do.

Appeal should be a matter of right, not a calculated risk.

COLOURED GHOSTS TEAM

FIRST VISIT TO MTN.

The Sioux City Coloured Ghosts, a team of fastball wizards that support the slogan "AMBASSADORS of GOODWILL" visited Stony Mountain and put on a show for the inmates that has never seen an equal on this fastball diamond. The Ghosts have done in fastball what the Globe Trotters have done to basketball.

Charles "B-Bomber" Daniels, classed as an unhittable pitcher bats and pitches right-handed. Bobbie "Rocking Chair" Green, a bib-busting pitcher and a dangerous switch-hitter. Rudy "The Lid" Lee a speedy speedster that bats and throws from the right, he is a terror on the base paths. Sonny "Moose" Favors the son of Leroy Favors, himself has a son named Leroy Jr., is a letter man and played two years with the U.S. Marine Corp Football club. Melvin "Chappie" Davis known for his fiery temper which is matched only by his blasting bat, throws powerfully from the right and bats left-handed. Wayman "Deacon" Williams of famous Williams clan is an organizer of coloured teams in Sioux City and an original of the Brown Bombers, bats and throws right handed. Sam "Sleepy" Hayes has gained wide renown by sleeping his way through 29 years to an education and from the right hand to a .490 hitting average. L.J. "Compound" Favors, father of Sonny, the Old Man of the team played ball before some of the team members were born, now working his way to a Masters Degree at Armour Tech bats and throws right handed with the degree. Franklin "Be Kind" Williams has pitched more teams into championships than any other man on the squad, has thirty no hitters and two perfect games to his record. This All Navy Champ '42 - '45 is running the Franklin Williams Boxing School.

The team stars Daniels and Williams on the pitching mound to this over 75% of the inmate population agree after witnessing the exhibition on the 31st of August. Murderers Row at bat Wayman Williams Rudy Lee, Bobby Green and the Old Man Favors.

These Ghosts chattered and nattered through a two and a half inning stint with the Local Giants to a 3-1 win. Then they put on a well rehearsed exhibition for the afternoon that compelled the biggest inmate audience ever attracted by a visiting team to cheer, jeer and tremble in anticipation.

These Goodwill Ambassadors travelled six hundred miles and immediately they arrived came out on the Stony Mountain Fastball diamond to put on the show. Food and rest were postponed by the team till after the inmates were giving one of the best afternoons of entertainment that this writer has ever witnessed in the Penitentiary.

“B” League Fast Ball Play’-Offs

Institutional fastball “B” league finals went to six of seven games before Bill Shermans Redsoxs were able to post four wins and claim the championship. In the first game Cardinals scampered to a 9 - 4 win over the Redsox. The second game brought the Redsox back strong to win 7 - 3. In the third game the Redsox held powerfully to score 6 runs while allowing the Cardinals only one across the plate. In the fourth game the Cardinals took a hard fought victory at a score of 5 - 3. In the fifth game the Redsox asserted themselves with a 10 - 3 win, and closed the race with the sixth game score of 7 - 2. The Cardinals scored a total of 23 runs for the series. The Redsox brought in 37 runs to take the championship.

Individual player performances are as follows:

Redsox.					
Player	AB	HITS	WALKS	S.O.	R.B.I.
Bealeau	17	1	3	4	
Lexier	17	5	6	1	1
Chittick	21	10	2	2	12
Shultz	19	6	4	3	8
Sherman	20	4	2	3	6
Andrusko	21	6	2	5	3
Bodnarchuk	18	3	2	1	3
Ferragne	18	2	4	3	1
Dubios	13	2	4	3	3
Gooling	3		3		

Cardinals.					
PLAYER	AB	HITS	WALKS	S.O.	R.B.I.
Lavery	17	6	3	6	
Toole	22	8	3	6	3
Poitrass	19	9	1	5	9
Popowitch	19	4		4	3
Proulx	17	2	3	9	1
Allen	15	3	1	7	2
Lambart	17	8	1	3	5
Yektty	18	6	2	3	2
Cochrane	17	4	1	3	1
Crapps	5		1	1	

The champions will attend a banquet in their honour at the Administration mess, Sunday October 5.

We thank Kenny Bevin for supplying us with the figures for publication.

"C" League Fast Ball Play'-Offs

The International or "C" League, this league carried the title International for only one season and reverted back to "C" league this year, yielded the championship in a series of six games to the Sputnicks, who, allowed the Tigers to win only two games. The Sputnicks took the first three in a row; 7-6, 7-2, 14-5. The tigers took the next two 6-5, and 7-4. The Sputnicks wound it up with a 7-3 ball game.

Individual player performances are as follows:

Sputnicks						
Player	AB	HITS	WALKS	S.O.	R.B.I.	
McGrath	20	8	3	6	3	
Hank	7	3	2	1	2	
Corbett	20	8	2	2	7	
Bonnie	20	7	2	4		
Pete	15	4				
Griffin	13	3	1	3	3	
McManus	18	3	1	3	3	
Mood	4					
Seweekie	14	2		1		
Hall	14	6		1		
Melville	7	1	2	1		
Ross	9	3		2	2	
Vockel	13	1				
TIGERS						
Player	AB	HITS	WALKS	S.O.	R.B.I.	
O'Grady	15	1		4		
Cudney	16	5	1	3	1	
Singh	17	4	4	1		
Sockorenko	18	8	2		4	
Hockman	17	4	5	1		
Elk	16	6	3	1	5	
Zanin	20	8	1		3	
Sinclair	20	2	2		2	
Reimer	20	2	1	2		
Evans	6	1	1		1	

The Sputnicks scored a total of 44 runs and allowed the Tigers to score 30 runs against them: giving the Sputnicks the ticket to the banquet.

We thank Kenny Bevin for supplying all the figures for publication.



Sports Notes

The baseball season has officially ended. With the Red Sox taking the B League Championship and the Sputniks coming up with the C League Championship, baseball, even as a topic of conversation, has been put on the shelf until next spring.

For the past month or so, four football teams have been battling on the local "grit-iron" and are now over half-way through the 1958 football schedule.

After a series of exhibition games which gave the coaches an opportunity to look over the prospective talent, the final teams were chosen and the action began.

Gord Hood's Tiger Cats are currently leading the league with 12 points, followed closely by Harry Condon's Eskimoes who have won five games for 10 points. Pete Roski's Alouettes have the edge over Carl Fingus' Rough Riders with a game in hand although the teams are tied for third spot with six points each.

The Ti-Cats seem to possess an unbeatable scoring punch in the combination of McKillop, Proulx and Boiley who presently are holding down three of the four top spots in the individual scoring race. Red McKillop leads for individual honors with 46 points on seven touchdowns and four converts. Armand Proulx, last years most valuable player, is close behind with 38 points which include six touchdowns and two converts. Danny Gougeon, who constitutes a major scoring threat for the Eskimoes, is in third spot with 32 points. Phil Boiley, by far the outstanding broken field runner in this league, holds down fourth spot with 30 points. Incidentally, those single points for converts are not as easy as they might sound. Lacking the facilities for the usual place kick, teams are given the ball on the five yard line with one play to score on either a run or pass.

The individual scoring statistics for the "Top Ten" are as follows:

PLAYER	TM.	T.D.	C.	S.T.	R.	T.P.
McKillop	T.C.	7	4	0	0	46
Proulx	T.C.	6	2	0	0	38
Gougeon	Esk.	5	2	0	0	32
Boiley	T.C.	5	0	0	0	30
Bullock	R.R.	4	1	0	1	26
Nelson	R.R.	4	0	0	0	24
Sherbo	Esk.	4	0	0	0	24
Meccas	R.R.	3	0	0	0	18
Towle	R.R.	3	0	0	0	18
S. Watcher	Als.	3	0	0	0	18

(continued from page 5)

the wind, a colt that refuses to stand still; maybe the colt is afraid of leather he has never known before. As the spinning path of the world the determination of the farmer rides a single thought; pull the plough I want you to pull, or be whipped into pulling the plough I want you to pull! The farmer teaches with whip, leather, pitch fork handle and narrow stable stall. The colt rebels with spirit. With nothing but spirit and the flesh that contains it! In a surprisingly short space of time the colts nerves are a singing tremor and his emotions are dementing to an apex, till a force of internal energy built to a crashing crescendo expel the spirit with finality. Righteously the farmer aids and assists the expulsion in all the violent ways he can. The farmer believes that if the spirit is gone the colt will pull the plough and right will have been done because he has preserved a "buck." So! One day you see this colt out there in the field: The mane is a blanket on his neck. To flip his tail a millimetre takes all the ambition he possessess, his eyes are dully glazed and his nose keeps bouncing off his knees as the plough follows him back and forth, back and forth." He scanned my face for reaction.

"Yeah, sure, but holy cow. Shouldn't a horse work?" I asked

"Why not?" My friend was laughing silently at me; "The horse might have won the Kentucky Derby. Look," he continued; "When I see these young fellows coming in here, I say to myself: Brother! a lot of our judges must be part time farmers."

PRAYER FOR THE MONTH

I pray that I may believe that
God can change me.

I pray that I may be always willing
to be changed for the better.



